THE MOS

cellent and lam

Tragedie, of *Romeo*

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with S*
houſe of Capulet.

S*Amp. Gregorie*, on my word weele
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be C
Samp. I meane, and we be in choll
Greg. I while you liue, draw your n
Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moue
Greg. But thou art not quickly mo
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mo*
Grego. To moue is to ſtirre, and to
Therefore if thou art moued thou ru
Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall mo
I will take the wall of any man
gues.
Grego. That ſhewes thee a weake
to the wall.
Samp. Tis true, & therfore wome
are euer thruſt to the wall: therfore I
from the wall, and thruſt his maides t
Greg. The quarell is betweene o
men.
Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my
fought with the men, I will be ciuil
off their heads.

A